HELENA Historical Association Y

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory
718

O. B. O'BANNON,
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Office with O. B. O'Bannon. Orders for Surveys of Mineral and Agricultural Lands will receive prompt attention. Orders can be left with Mr. O'Bannon in my absence. 519.

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808

H. B. DAVIS,
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ASSAYERS,
BUTTE - - - MONTANA.
PRICES—Gold & Silver........$2 50
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☞ Sample sent by mail promptly attended to.
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MITCHELL & DOUGLAS,
Physicians and Surgeons,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
Prompt attention given professionall calls in town and surrounding country.
OFFICE—OPPOSITE THE SCOTT HOUSE.
859

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Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Kleinschmidt Building, formerly occupied by M. M. Hopkins.
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Calls in town or country will receive prompt attention. 643

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HELENA, MONTANA.
Eye, Ear and Throat Surgeon.
Recently attendant upon the large eye, ear and throat hospitals of Europe, (Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and Edinburgh.)
The eye, ear and throat a special and exclusive practice.
Spectacles scientifically fitted to the eye.
Catarrh of the nose and throat successfully treated.
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Veterinary Surgeon,
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Having located in Deer Lodge will promptly attend all calls for diseased stock. Refers to Phil. E. Evans, W. B. Miller, S. E. Larabie and others. Charges reasonable. 832tf

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CLARK & LARABIE,
BANKERS,
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Do a General Banking Business and Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS.
First National Bank, New York, N. Y.
776

First National Bank!
HELENA, - MONTANA.
Paid up Capital.....$500,000
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Main & Second, DEER LODGE.
Thoroughly Overhauled, Repaired and Renovated.
All Drinks and Cigars, 12 1-2c Each.
Ph. Best's Milwaukee Beer ON TAP.
ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE OUR FRIENDS.
839

Job Wagon and Teaming.
I have a Job Wagon on the streets of Deer Lodge during working hours every day, and am prepared to deliver Trunks or Packages to and from any residence promptly and at reasonable rates. Also do heavy teaming and Job Hauling at low rates. Leave orders at A. Kleinschmidt & Co's.
809 tf GEO. TUCKER.

PRESCIENCE.

Why was it, love, in moments most divine,
My hand in yours, your trembling lips on mine,
Your dark eyes drawing me with their soft glow,
Why was it, love, my tears would rise and flow?

Did I but weep for joy, or was it, dear,
Love seemed too sweet to last, that I felt fear?
Neither: the tears welled up from my full heart,
Because a voice within said, "Ye must part."

And, though they part not soon as you and I,
Yet all true lovers hear the mournful cry,
Low murmured, mingling rapturous love with pain,
"A grave must one day part ye, lovers twain."
—Annie V. Culbertson.

Perils of Sleeping in a Damp Bed.

The Lancet, referring to the death of Mr. Maas, the well-known tenor, calls attention to the peril of sleeping in a damp bed. As a matter of fact, this peril is of the greatest, and it is almost ever-present. The experienced traveler rarely hazards the risk of sleeping between sheets, which are nearly sure to be damp, until they have been aired under his personal supervision at a fire in his bed-room. If this be impracticable, he wraps his rug around him, or pulls out the sheets and sleeps between the blankets—a disagreeable but often prudent expedient.

The direct mischief may result from the contact of an imperfectly heated body with sheets which retain moisture. The body heat is not sufficient to raise the temperature of the sheets to a safe point, and the result must be disastrous in the extreme if, as is sure to happen, the skin be cooled by contact with a surface colder than itself and steadily abstracting heat all the night though. There is no excuse for the neglect of proper precaution to insure dry beds. Servants are never to be trusted in the matter, and the managers of hotels, even of the best description, are singularly careless in respect to it.—Scientific American.

Human Swine at Washington Receptions.

One of the subjects of conversation in the city is how much the men eat at the receptions. Washington seems to be full of semi-political dudes who stamp around to the receptions in each other's company. Their mailed tread is heard in the hall. They salute the mistress and form a deadly phalanx around the wine table. They eat all the good cheese first, and then they eat all the green cheese and wind up on the rind. The diplomatic hangers-on are said to have appetites of an all-devouring sort. They have been known for years as self-exalted chewers of the cud, not being furnished by the home government with herrings, caviare, macaroni or anything solid. So they eat like locusts at the lunch table. But nobody can understand how the hunger has come upon the rest of the world which seems to have overshadowed it this winter, so that, like the children of Israel in the wilderness, they gather manna, locusts, wild honey, dried apples or anything that will fill the carcass.—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Taming Horses in New Zealand.

As everybody knows, Mr. Rarey's system of taming vicious horses consisted mainly in throwing them down on the ground and keeping them there by means of straps. The New Zealanders have a much simpler and effective method. They simply decoy a wild horse into a swamp until his legs are securely imbedded in it. Then they proceed to "gentle" him. Well may the author say: "Rarey's plan is nothing to this. There were no legs swinging about to hurt any one; the colt could not batter his head on the ground; the very babies could jump on his back with perfect safety, and they are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity." "The women sat on him, the men got astride him, and then put a little log under his tail." "The women shook their dresses in his face." Best of all, when the horse was dug out he was quite tame.—Detroit Free Press.

A Kind Action Towards Mussulmans.

The government of India has just done a very kindly and a very odd thing for its Mussulman subjects. The Mussulmans of India proceed in thousands every year to Mecca, where they are greatly liked, being comparatively wealthy. The government can not help that, but it can stop the frightful misery endured by the pilgrims in their voyage in rotten Arab dhows across the Arabian sea and up the Red sea to Jeddah. They are often packed like slaves—half fed, and frequently wrecked, and the consequent loss of life is enormous. The government has accordingly taken control of the pilgrimage, and has contracted with Messrs. Cook & Co., the well-known contractors for tourists, to convey all pilgrims in steamers to Jeddah, feed them properly, and bring them back in safety.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Human Curiosities from Paraguay.

Two hairy children are being exhibited at a London aquarium, and are arousing scientific curiosity. They are natives of Paraguay, of light complexion, intelligent, and members of a family with skins as smooth as ordinary. Their backs are completely covered with fine, dark-colored hair or fur, short, soft, and unlike the black hair of the head; in the boy the hairy covering extends down the thighs to the knees. In addition to these large covered spaces, the bodies of both are covered with circular patches of fur, varying in size from that of a pea to a hand's breadth, as many as 100 of these spots showing upon the girl. Abnormal development of the subcutaneous synovial sacs and other peculiarities are noted by medical observers.—Chicago Journal.

A Triumph of Mosaic Art.

The American church in the Via Nazionale, at Rome, has just been decorated with a stupendous Venetian mosaic of a cartoon by Burne Jones, representing Christ surrounded by the celestial company, as described in Isaiah, Ezekiel and St. John. In the work, which measures 962 square feet, there are no fewer than sixty figures, some of them three yards high, while the reproduction of the grand coloring is regarded as a triumph of mosaic art. The difficulties to be overcome in the tints were very many, for in its composition are represented the sun, the moon, a rainbow, sky, water, prophets, evangelists, angels, and the Divinity with all its glories and attributes.—Cor. London Truth.

The Perquisite of Cast-Off Clothes.

Another perquisite is the cast-off clothes. The valets and the ladies' maids are entitled to these, and are outraged if you make any contrary disposition of them. I once gave a child about my house some old pocket handkerchiefs, at which my valet protested; and I heard the little one retort: "You get the shirts." They often look smarter than those they serve, wearing their wardrobes sometimes on finer figures. I have heard of ladies who sold their satins to their maids, though never of a gentleman who bargained in old clothes with his man. When lovely woman really stoops to anything unworthy, she can descend to a point that leaves our sex far behind.—Gen. Badeau's Letter.

A Very Hard Thing to Do.

The pathway of life is full of difficulties, but Griggins says he has about made up his mind that one of the hardest things in the world for a man to do is to admit to his wife that he has been in the wrong.—Chicago Ledger.

Haller, the scientist, has kept papers perfumed with a single grain of ambergris forty years, and there was no appreciable diminution in the strength of the odor.

GOULD'S WRITING.

FAC SIMILE OF HIS LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS TO HOXIE.

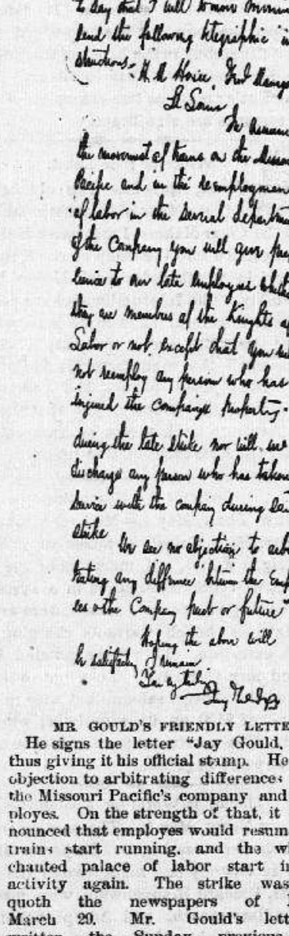
Gould and Powderly—Foemen Worthy Each Other's Steel, Although Powderly Seems Inclined to Spell it "Steal." Arbitrating Differences.

As specimens of plain English the recent letters that have passed between G. M. W. K. of L. Powderly and Jay Gould are worthy of note. The epistles are written in such good, forcible English that it would have been the greatest pity if they had not got into the newspapers. They are as well written, in fact, as if Gould and Powderly had been newspaper men, every bit. Such fine literary talent lying latent among business men like these two is a credit to the country. A Briton could not write such letters. He might be just as mad, and he undoubtedly would say quite as hard things, but he would go at it in a bulldog, meat-ax way. His language would be heavy, too. For neatly dissecting and polishing off his enemy, he could not hold a candle to the two opposing gentlemen whom some supposed to represent capital and labor.

It will be a pretty fight, they say. If it goes on, there are indications that it will be a broad one. Mr. Powderly would call it the battle between labor on the one hand and the Gould system of heaping up wealth on the other. It is not against capital, he declares, but against capital got by unjust means.

In the correspondence that has been published, Grand Master Powderly has the strongest convictions, while Gould is the more adroit. In nothing does this overmatching wiliness appear more vividly than in Gould's first letter of directions to Vice-President Hoxie on settling the strike.

Those who would care to see a specimen of Mr. Gould's handwriting may be interested in glancing over the accompanying fac simile of that letter. Mr. Gould's chirography is very peculiar. It is cramped and little.


President's Office
Missouri Pacific Railway Co
Mch 28 1886
New York
T V Powderly Esq
G M &c
Dear Sir Replying to your letter of 27th lnst I wrote to day that I will tomorrow morning send the following telegraphic instructions—H M Hoxie, First Manager St Louis
In resuming the movement of trains on the Missouri Pacific and in the reemployment of labor in the several departments of the Company you will give preference to our late employes whether they are members of the Knights of Labor or not except that you will not reemploy any person who has injured the Company's property during the late strike nor will we discharge any person who has taken service with the company during said strike
We see no objection to arbitrating any differences between the employees and the Company past or future
Hoping the above will be satisfactory I remain
Yours truly
Jay Gould Prest

MR. GOULD'S FRIENDLY LETTER.

He signs the letter "Jay Gould, Pres't," thus giving it his official stamp. He sees no objection to arbitrating differences between the Missouri Pacific's company and its employes. On the strength of that, it was announced that employes would resume work, trains start running, and the whole enchanted palace of labor start into full activity again. The strike was ended, quoth the newspapers of Monday, March 29. Mr. Gould's letter was written the Sunday previous. That Monday the stock of the Gould southwestern road went up several cents. First they boomed, then they dropped a little, then they went up again. His enemies say that the little financier cleared a cool million on the strength of that friendly letter.

Then came another hitch. Vice-President Hoxie, out in St. Louis, would settle individual difficulties with striking employes, but he would have nothing to do in any shape or form with an official committee of the Knights of Labor. He drew the line there and was as granite in holding to it. Meeting a committee of the K. of L. wasn't his idea of "arbitrating differences." And when Mr. Gould's famous letter of instructions to Mr. Hoxie came to be strictly looked into, it was found to be no settlement of the difficulty at all. Mr. Hoxie was left free to do just as he had been doing before, and he has at no time since been informed by Mr. Gould that the president of the road "saw no objections" to his receiving a committee of the K. of L.

The strike was reopened, and then followed between Gould and Powderly the letters containing the forceful English one must admire. The question itself is one on whose merits it is extremely difficult for either an outsider or an insider to come to a decision. Powderly and Gould mutually throw the blame for the continuance of the strike upon each other. What the outcome will be who can tell? Though the present congressional inquiry will, it is hoped, settle the difficulty.

Mr. Gould's Liberality.

During his recent Florida trip Mr. Jay Gould visited Fernandina. His advent had been heralded, and the town was agog. The baggageman at the depot handled his multitude of trunks and valises with unwonted care. Mr. Gould personally supervised the operation. When it was completed he graciously slipped a coin into the hand of the "smasher." It felt just like a new $5 gold piece, and the onlookers observed a glance of joy on the workman's face. For some moments the coin lay unexamined in the palpitating palm. At last Mr. Gould was gone, and the man was no longer restrained from feasting his eyes on the prize. He did so. It was a bright new nickel five-cent piece.—Town Topics.

Light from a Pound of Coal.

Franklin institute tests indicate that one pound of coal burned under a good boiler yields a light of about twenty candles by the incandescent electric system. The same weight of coal gives from the naked arc light about 158 candles, only eighty being ordinarily available on account of the shading of arc lights. The gas from one pound of bituminous coal yields from fourteen to seventeen candles. The greater economy of fuel in electric lighting is offset by the increased expense for machinery and attention.—Scientific Journal.

One Day's Telegrams in London.

Telegrams to the number of 13,936 were sent from one part of London to another on a recent day, and the central office in that city handled an aggregate of 64,770 telegrams on the same day.

Progress in the "Alkali Deserts."

North Dakota, ten years ago described in the government reports as "the uninhabitable alkali deserts of the northwest," supports 100 newspapers, the daily edition not being a rarity.

WORK IN A STUDIO.

A PLACE WHERE THE EARLY BIRD IS LIKELY TO SECURE THE WORM.

A Fight for a Pose—Putting the Question to Vote—Rearranging the Model—The Harmless Lady Student Who Is Amply Supplied—Her Work.

A studio is a republic; but it has its recognized leaders, and there is not unfrequently one who by sheer force of will has established herself as an autocrat and takes upon herself to regulate everything, from the model to the clock. The autocrat is not always what is known as a "strong worker," i. e. one whose powers in drawing and painting might entitle her to take the lead. Her only qualifications need be self confidence, a capacity of early-rising and a temper—especially a temper.

In no place more than a studio is it true that the early bird gets the worm; but in a studio that bird must be prepared to defend its spoils. Thus it is a great thing to be among the first to pose the model at 8 on Monday morning; but unless you are prepared to fight for the continuance of your pose, you will find that each comer will want to alter it to suit her particular taste. Unfortunately, malcontents have the right to put the pose to the vote; and it not unfrequently happens that after you have patiently blocked in the figure during the first hour, at 9 o'clock, when the crowd arrives, a fresh and totally different position is voted for and carried by an exasperating majority, and all your labor is lost.

THE AUTOCRAT AND THE IMBECILE.

It is at such a juncture as this that the powers of the autocrat really come into play. She makes her sketch; and, having once done so, she takes upon herself the entire arranging and correcting of the model. What does she care if he was relaxing one limb or stiffening another at the moment she drew him? She gives one searching gaze at her canvass; glances with scorn at those of her neighbors; calmly observes, "The model has moved; I will rearrange him, as I have got him all in;" and insists on her pose being maintained for the rest of the week.

In contradistinction to his type, which is always self reliant, and generally argues with the professor, is the harmless imbecile, but lady-like student. She begs every one to criticise her work, and resents nothing in the way of comment. She is amply supplied with every possible artistic necessary, from white chalk (which every one borrows, to mark the position of their easels on the floor) to a large piece of fresh bread. She has more charcoal, a better "fila-plomb," and more measures and compasses than any one else in the studio. She is always amiable, and ready to give out of her abundance to her needy neighbors.

She never misses a day's work; but she can not draw, and she never expects to be able to do so. She is a striking example of our want of acquaintance with the laws which govern the selection of art students; all her tastes seem in direct opposition to the somewhat untidy casual life of a studio; but year after year you find her there, always nicely dressed, always humble, and always a trifle silly. Appealed to as to whether the model is right or no, she says piteously, "Oh, please don't ask me; I never know." The invariably makes the eyes too large, and, as a rule, prefers to draw only the head, three times larger than life, on tinted paper, in crayon, and with a good deal of stump.—Magazine of Art.

He Couldn't Quite Call It That.

Col. Michael Boland, of Kentucky, recently related to a reporter in New York a story which illustrates the ready Irish tongue. He was with the advance guard of Sheridan in the valley of Shenandoah. The soldiers in his command became engaged in a close-quarter fight in the woods. They ran out of ammunition, and he went back and brought them new supplies. As he was dealing it out the bullets were flying uncomfortably around him. One ball struck a man named Kelly, a native of the Green isle, just as the colonel was handing him some cartridges. He was knocked senseless, and Boland thought he was dead. But there was something about his appearance that made Boland run his hand down where the bullet had struck. The touch showed that there was no blood flowing, and the colonel pursued the investigation further. The noise made by the striking bullet was as if it had hit a button. Inside the man's breast pocket he found a set of three-card monte cards. They had the bullet imbedded in them. Kelly began to come to and was soon able to sit up. The colonel knew him for an old sport. He handed the man the cards and showed him the bullet, remarking:

"The cards have saved your life."

The Irishman looked dazedly at the bullet for a moment, and then as his mind became clearer, he replied in great excitement:

"Heaven help me! if it had been a prayer-book it would have been a miracle."—New York Tribune.

Made Up Photo of the Emperor.

The Berlin police tribunal has recently been engaged in the examination of a very peculiar fraud. Loyal Germany buys eagerly all the photographs, gettable of the Emperor William. Like most human beings, William detests to be photographed, and he has sat but a very few times. In spite of this fact Germany has been flooded with photographs depicting the emperor in all possible poses. You can buy photographs of him sitting, standing and riding, in groups or alone—any way one please, in a word.

The supply of pictures has kept up to the demand, until the emperor discovered a photograph of himself with a baby on his knee, the later purporting to be one of his grandchildren. He was sure that he had not sat for the plate, and he had the matter investigated. The police arrested the enterprising artist, who confessed that he had "constructed his majesty" out of a model with the imperial uniform and a couple of authentic photographs. The testimony at the trial goes to show that not 10 per cent. of the pictures of the royal family sold in Berlin are authentic.—Boston Transcript.

A Contrast Between Great Composers.

Auber was sometimes surprised at the grandeur of his fame. He was modesty itself, and it is rather amusing to compare him to another composer, a contemporary of his, Spontini, who, at a dress rehearsal of one of his operas (I believe it was "Olympia"), appeared at the desk in grand costume, covered with all the decorations he was favored with. Approaching the desk slowly and majestically, he elevated the baton, fixed his eagle eyes on the full orchestra and chorus and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, the work which we are going to have the honor of performing is a masterpiece. Now then!"—Temple Bar.

Patti Is To Be a Princess.

Mme. Adelina Patti will be a princess after her marriage with M. Nicolini, according to The Paris Gaulois, which declares it has it has its information from the most authoritative source. Nicolini is to be created a prince by a foreign chancellery. The honor has been obtained by the diva herself, who, being a marchioness by first marriage, wishes to become a princess on the occasion of her second.—Inter Ocean.

How They Began.

General Master Workman Powderly, it seems, began his working life as a switch tender. Mr. Hoxie, manager of the Gould system of railroads in the southwest, was at one time hostler in a hotel near Des Moines. Afterward he became chairman of the Republican state central committee and United States marshal of Iowa. Mr. Gould himself earned his first money as a map peddler.—New York World.

OUR NATIONAL LIBRARY

AFTER YEARS OF NEGLECT CONGRESS WILL ALLOW IT A HOME.

History of the Congressional Library Twice Destroyed by Fire—Its Growth and Present Cramped Quarters—Sketch of the Proposed New Building.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—This nation is at last going to have a library building worthy of the name, and when we look back at the long attempts at legislation in the matter in the light of the evident needs on the subject it does seem incredible that congress would be so dilatory in making provision for the thousands upon thousands of valuable books and art works that have been virtually piling up about their feet.

THE PRESENT CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Not only have the shelves and tables of the present library been fairly bursting with books, but a number of dark, unventilated rooms in the basement of the Capitol have been gorged as well, until the storage capacity of the Capitol being exhausted, congress was compelled to do something. It is to Senators Voorhees, of Indiana, and Morrill, of Vermont, as well as Representative Singleton, of Mississippi, that the credit is due in securing the long delayed legislation.

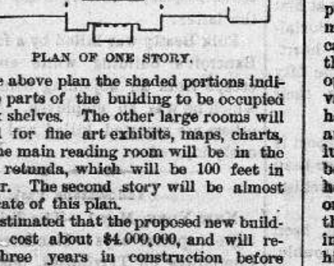
The present library has had a wonderful history. It was founded by congress in 1802, and 3,000 books were selected in London for it. John Randolph was one of its strongest supporters. When the British soldiers looted the Capitol building in 1814 they used the books from the library to kindle the fire which destroyed the building. About this time Thomas Jefferson had got into financial straits, which compelled him to sell his very valuable library of 6,000 volumes. Congress purchased them. These books, wrung by poverty from poor old Jefferson, were the nucleus of the new library.

The library was then in the room now occupied by the clerk of the supreme court, but in 1824 a portion of its present quarters were established. In 1851 the library numbered about 60,000 books, when it was again visited by fire from a defective flue, which destroyed 30,000 of the books. In 1852 the present quarters were built, with shelf room for less than 300,000 books, while the present collection considerably exceeds 500,000. The law library contains 60,000 volumes and occupies the old chamber of the supreme court. Ainsworth R. Spofford, of Ohio, has been the librarian for twenty-two years, while a predecessor of his, John S. Meehan, of New York, held that position for thirty-two years. So much for the present library.

THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

Over thirteen years ago, after years of urging in the matter, congress allowed a commission to be appointed to consider plans for a new library. A report of the labors of this commission and the various other committees selected in the matter later, together with the bills introduced from time to time, would fill a good sized library. Senator Voorhees says that never in the history of legislation has a measure been so thoroughly weighed and considered in every detail, and herewith we present the result in the illustration.

To procure competition among architects a prize of $1,500 was offered for the best design. Twenty-eight plans were submitted, many of them from Europe. Two years was given to a consideration of the plans, when the design submitted by J. L. Smithmeyer, of Washington, was selected.


PLAN OF ONE STORY.

In the above plan the shaded portions indicate the parts of the building to be occupied by book shelves. The other large rooms will be used for fine art exhibits, maps, charts, etc. The main reading room will be in the central rotunda, which will be 100 feet in diameter. The second story will be almost a duplicate of this plan.

It is estimated that the proposed new building will cost about $4,000,000, and will require three years in construction before being ready for occupancy. Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars is appropriated for the purchase of the property, the site to be the three squares nearest either the northeast or southeast corners of the Capitol grounds.

The new building will be 450 by 300 feet in exterior dimensions, covering 2.9 acres of ground, and will ultimately have a capacity for shelving three million books. The area covered by the British Museum is five acres, that of the National Library, Paris, four and one-half acres, and for comparison's sake it might be added that our buildings of the Capitol cover three and one-half acres.

PERRY BARTON.

The Senatorial Photographs.

Senator Evarts wears a hat of the period of 1840, which he hangs on the extreme posterior part of his intellect, like a knob. The lower part of his face looks as if it had dried up in the hat and would drop out if it wasn't for the skull.

Senator Harrison looks as if he had been made by contractors at different times and the plans did not coincide. The contractors for the upper part laid out the work for a big man, with a big head and torso; but the substructure man erected a short pair of stout, dumpy legs that make him look like a bust of himself.—Toledo (O.) Commercial Telegram.

The Historical Record of Paris.

Paris is by at least a century older than London, and wants now but sixty-two years of 2,000 years of continuous historical record. It was a more important Roman city than London, and had far more important Roman remains.—Exchange.

A stove manufacturer has come to the conclusion, after trying several methods, that the best way to create a draught is to go into the back yard and sift ashes.—Chicago Ledger.

The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17; a century ago it was 11.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

NATURE'S FORCES USED TO CREATE A SITE FOR THE CAPITAL.

Buildings of Pumice Stone and Pavements of Lava—Mountains of Mud—Picturesqueness of a Strange Land—Inhabitants and Their Ways.

As round as a soup plate, raised just a little in the middle like all well-regulated soup plates, with just a little suggestion of soup still in the plate out around the deepest places, and that is the valley of Mexico. The city is on that highest part, the center, where Cortez found the children of the sun, in their gorgeous flower garden.

As we descend the high wall to the level valley before us we can easily trace the formations of these great black mountains of half-hidden lands. We can easily see that there was once a volcano so terrific as to almost tear the earth asunder. You can see how the mountains were piled back and up one after the other, till, like some grand edifice under the hand of a skillful builder, the site was complete. The buildings at the little stations, very frequent, as we descend into the valley, are all made of a cemented pumice stone, light as a cork almost, and these cemented particles seem to be precisely such little bits of pumice stone as you see lying in great drifts like snow about the edge of the bay of Naples any morning after Vesuvius has had a little "blow out." But this pumice stone has laid so long on the ground, as said before, that it is cemented together and now forms a tolerably substantial wall if put up under shelter. I can see from some of the old buildings in the city that rains and storms wash it away in time.

All the pavements, all the fences, all the more solid buildings along the approach to the city are made of a very poor sort of black lava; and this is very enduring. It reminds one of the brown tuffa of which the coliseum at Rome was built, only this lava in Mexico is black, and also it is more porus. Yes, we are surely descending into the mouth of a mighty volcano.

THE WONDERS OF A STRANGE LAND.

To the right as we descend is a deep and ugly cut. Mountains of mud; an unsatisfactory piece of engineering surely. This is the drain. It was filled up once. And the city lay for years under water. It looks to be hundreds of feet deep. It must be many leagues in length. It seems as if a tunnel would be the only effective means of secure operation here. Yet it was an attempt to tunnel through this slippery mud that filled this "cloaca maximo" and drowned the city.

As we came down into the green levels, among the dikes, and drains and gardens, among the people, among the donkeys and cows and pigs and turkeys, the chickens the cackle and crow perpetually, the thousands of buzzards, we see more color, more picturesqueness—if I may use the word—in one hour than a whole week's travel in the states, or in Europe either, for that matter. For Mexico, I find, is more strange than all the strange lands I have yet seen.

The very atmosphere has a languor, a lazy dignity about it that puts you at once at your ease and prepares you to rest. The huge brown hills are resting in their mantles of imperial purple this early morning. A soft and dreamy haze hangs about the hollows, and clefts, and canyons, so that every outline is softened and toned to a sense of rest. There is never a sign of storm in heaven. Bluest of all blue skies; purple, as the sun wheels up, not a bar or scar, or sign of cloud. But away beyond the city, at the other side of the ancient volcano, the two still mountains stand facing each other; holding the purple world on their snowy shoulders; wearing the imperial purple of unrecorded empires, and of kings that have no name or place in history. What a land for the painter!

PEOPLE STANDING ON THE HOUSETOPS.

We pass little square-built stone houses close up to the railroad; so close that you may almost clasp hands with the strangely-clad and most curious little people standing on the housetops. They stand knee-deep amidst muskmelons, watermelons, corn, peppers, tomatoes, and many other things taken from their gardens and placed here on the housetops to ripen in the sun. You see a thousand things here on every house that bring up Bible pictures, and tell you in your heart that all the stories of the Bible are true; because, in some sort you see their counterpart here among these simple people away out here on the north of Mexico City, where, until very lately, little has been done to break up the natural tenor of their lives for centuries.

The "two women grinding at a mill" you see here on the housetops in the sun at almost every mile-post. Why there should be two I do not know. But there are always two grinding at the little hand-mill. As to whether "one is taken and the other left," in this Aztec land, as in the land of old, I do not know. But they are here, and as said before, a thousand things that are constantly bringing up Bible pictures familiar in your youth, when your father read the Bible by the fireside.

They rise early and are on the housetop with the sun, these people here in the vast, rich valley. Away up yonder on the purple mountains' side I saw fires that mingled with the stars as the morning came. These are the camp fires of Indians that still prefer the tent, the camp, the open air. They come down at times in the valleys for hire, are good workers, entirely honest. But they love the sun as their ancestors loved it, and are up there to salute him in the morning. With the hills behind us, the picturesque people on the housetop on either side of us, as we glide on through the lanes of trees, the gardens, the donkeys, the crowing cocks, the yelping dogs, the thousands of hairless and hideously ugly dogs too lazy to yelp—in the midst of and through all these, under the full burst of the soft morning sun, we enter the gates of Mexico City.—Joaquin Miller in Chicago Times.

Portraits of the English Queen.

Queen Victoria has had many portraits painted—good, bad, and indifferent. The latest addition to her royal category is a full-length study of her majesty by Herr von Angeli. The picture is interesting as a study of her majesty. It represents the queen standing in front of the throne. She is richly dressed in black satin, her now favorite custom, trimmed with ermine. She wears a diamond crown. Her face is depicted in profile. The ensemble of the picture is the painter's invariable decorative style, and the technique of it is in his usual high but conventional manner.—Chicago Tribune.

Evil Association Corrupts, Etc.

The superintendent of the Arkansaw penitentiary, upon meeting old Foster, who had served a term in prison, asked:

"What are you doing now?"

"Preachin', sah."

"What, preaching when you have just come out of the penitentiary?"

"Oh, yes, sah, fur dat doan make no diffunce. Dat's de time fur er man ter preach, case den er nigger by bein' shet up wid so many white men knows whut sins dar is in de worl'. Ef yer wants ter 'gust er nigger, boss, pen him up wid white men."—Arkansaw Traveler.

An Explanation of "Black Snow."

A "black snow" which fell in 1875 over an area of about fifteen by twenty miles in the vicinity of Holland, Mich., was found to contain a considerable proportion of dark earthy matter. This was subject to elaborate scientific examination and pronounced volcanic dust from some far distant crater. A dissenter from this view has sought a simpler explanation, and has since proven that the dust came from the prairie soil 100 miles to the southward.—Arkansaw Traveler.

SOLDIERS' ORPHANS.

ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING THEIR TREATMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic and Governor Pattison Find Several Dotheboys Halls—A Lesson to Other States.

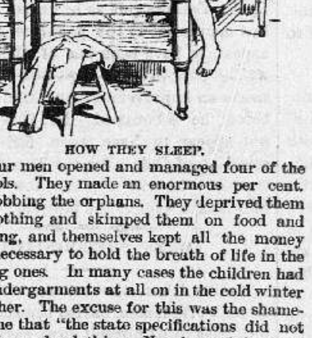
HARRISBURG, April 20.—Such stories as the recent revelations about soldiers' orphans' homes in Pennsylvania may well make one doubt whether the world is civilized. In truth, it is not civilized, if the greed of people is taken into account. Pennsylvania soldiers and ex-soldiers have been going to their last rest in the belief that their state had provided ample means for the care and education of the children they left behind. So the state did, but the wretches to whose care they have been intrusted have proved to be no less than monsters in the avarice with which they robbed the orphans.

THE SCHOOL GREASER.

In the concern at Mt. Joy the children were horrible with running sores and vermin. This came from filth and neglect. One large boy was called "the school greaser." He went about with three kinds of salve, one for sore heads, another for body sores, and the third for what he called "the each." He went from child to child painting with these.

Squeers' Dotheboys Hall yet exists in America as really as it ever did in England when Dickens wrote "Nicholas Nickleby."

Governor Pattison has been personally investigating the soldiers' orphans' schools. He pounced upon them unawares, hence the revolting revelations he has made to the attorney general. In Pennsylvania these schools are connected with the public school system. The state pays $150 to $115 for the keeping of each child. Certain persons contract to keep and provide for them for that sum, and they are handed over to them. It is the foul contract system that has tortured the innocents.


HOW THEY SLEEP.

Four men opened and managed four of the schools. They made an enormous per cent. by robbing the orphans. They deprived them of clothing and skimped them on food and lodging, and themselves kept all the money not necessary to hold the breath of life in the young ones. In many cases the children had no undergarments at all on in the cold winter weather. The excuse for this was the shameful one that "the state specifications did not require underclothing. Numbers of the helpless little ones, elsewhere than at Mt. Joy, were swarming with vermin.

WHERE THEY BATHED.

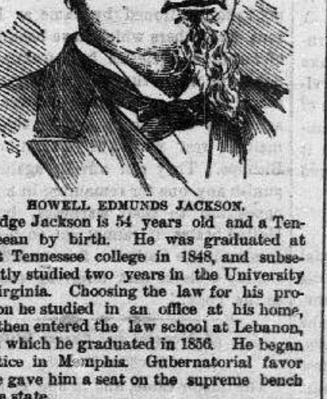
There are eighteen of the schools, attended by 2,000 children. That they are under the supervision of the state superintendent of public instruction is the most stunning fact of all. No less shocking is the discovery that of the regular salaried inspectors of these enormities one was a woman, the other a man who hitched the word "reverend" to his name. What kind of womanhood, what kind of religion is that?

When the unfortunates at Mt. Joy bathed it was in an old pickle tub, as you see in the picture. There was one clean towel a day to forty of them. The children did their own washing, ironing and baking when they had any done. A foul smelling, nasty boiler room, with moldy walls, to which the sun never penetrated, was called their "play room." Poor things! What brutes mankind are anyhow!

SARAH KING.

From Senate to Bench.

United States Senator Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee, has been chosen to succeed the late Judge John Baxter as circuit judge in the sixth judicial circuit, which includes the states of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee. The importance of this appointment lies in the fact that it will be before Judge Jackson that the great Pan Electric versus Bell telephone suits are to be tried. These suits promise to be further reaching in their consequences than any of our time.


HOWELL EDMUNDS JACKSON.

Judge Jackson is 54 years old and a Tennesseean by birth. He was graduated at West Tennessee college in 1848, and subsequently studied two years in the University of Virginia. Choosing the law for his profession he studied in an office at his home, and then entered the law school at Lebanon, from which he graduated in 1856. He began practice in Memphis. Gubernatorial favor twice gave him a seat on the supreme bench of the state.

Malaria Prevalent in New England.

Writing of malaria in New England, Dr. Griswold says that among 200,000 people residing in the valleys of the Connecticut river and its tributaries, there have been 40,000 or 50,000 cases of malaria within the last fifteen years. In some places one-half of the population have been affected in a single season. Up to 1870 there had not been three cases a year of intermittent fever for upward of 200 years.—Exchange.

His Principles Forbid It.

If the united workmen of the United States should take it into their heads to make a nomination for the next presidency they would not have to look outside their own ranks. T. V. Powderly assumes the proportions of a statesman of no common caliber. But his principles forbid.—New York Sun.

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MYSTERIES OF MODERN MAGIC.

The Secret of the Marvelous "Talking Head"—The Riddle a Simple One.

In modern times magicians have made much use of mirrors. The celebrated "Sphinx" trick, or "Talking Head," which caused such a profound sensation when it was first brought out a few years ago, owed its astonishing effect entirely to the aid of mirrors. Not even the marvelous automatic chess player of Maezel is at all to be compared to the "Spinx," which may justly be regarded as the most remarkable illusion ever invented for the bewilderment of mankind. But while the possibility of hiding the person of a dwarf within the box upon which the chess player was seated might have occurred to any one as a solution ot the mystery, it was difficult for the spectator to imagine how an agency other than supernatural could be connected with a head which lay in a dish on a plain four-legged table in the middle of the stage, and talked and smoked a pipe with as much sang froid as if it had belonged to a reasonable human being.

As has been said, the table was placed in the stage, in full view. The head lay in a dish on the table: it was evidently independent of human agency, for the audience could see under the table, and there was nothing there. Beneath the table were visible the curtains at the back of the stage, which was hung all around with dark cloth reaching to the floor. It is not surprising that this marvelous "talking head" should have excited the astonishment of Europe, or that it should leave puzzled the most eminent scientific men to account for the mysterious phenomenon; and, yet, as it is the case with all really effective tricks, the riddle of the sphinx was an exceedingly simple one.

A man was actually under the table, with his head through a hole in the top, but his body was concealed by mirrors so adroitly disposed that they reflected the curtains at the sides of the stage, thus producing an optical illusion by which the spectator was led to believe that he was looking under the table and seeing the hanging at the back. The deception is so perfect that it is almost impossible, even with a person who is acquainted with the nature of the illusion to realize that it is such.

An effect somewhat similar is produced by a large plain mirror inclined away from the audience at an angle of 45 degrees. In the middle of the glass is a hole through which the performer passes his head, which seems to float in the air, the body of the man being concealed behind the mirror.

Another famous trick is the "box" trick. A large box is raised from the floor in the middle of the stage, so that the spectators can see around under it. The performer gets into the box and closes it. When it is opened again he has disappeared, or a skeleton is found in its place. The man is concealed by mirrors swinging on hinges, which reflect the sides of the box, so that the audience think it is empty.—Exchange.

A Likeness of the First Napoleon.

Some twenty-five years ago a western visitor was driving with a friend through one of the resident streets of Baltimore. It was late in the afternoon, and the only person visible was an apparently middle-aged gentleman walking slowly along with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back. The form and attitude seemed strangely familiar, and when the face was turned to glance at the passing carriage the familiarity was explained. "That," said the friend, "is Bonaparte."

The remark was needless, for the visitor would have known him at once had they met in London or Jerusalem. The likeness to the first Napoleon in face and figure was so startling that if the little cocked hat, gray overcoat and high boots had been added it would have been a veritable resurrection of the most famous personage in modern history. This was the father of the present American Bonapartes, son of Jerome Bonaparte (younger brother of Napoleon) and Miss Patterson; and it is said that when, during a visit to Paris, he entered a box at the Theatre Francaise, the whole audience recognized the marvelous resemblance and rose and saluted him.—St. Louis Republican.

A Deck-Hand Went Overboard.

I believe I never felt so sorry for any one in my life as for a poor colored man, when I was steamboating. Coming up a portion of the river freight is light, and there is some difficulty in righting the boat. We had a quantity of pig-iron on board, and had it wheeled from side to side as required. One of the deck-hands was called "Gunboat" on account of the peculiar hat he wore, and he was always willing to work. The mate being absent, I was in charge, and called on Gunboat to wheel a truck loaded with the pig-iron, which was standing by the side. The poor fellow got between the shafts; the iron gave a lurch, and over he went. I jumped up on a box and shouted to the wheelman, "Man overboard," but just then the mate came up and said scornfully, "Go on, it's only a nigger." We could see him struggling in the distance and sink, and an old galley cook, looking through a grating below, remarked: "Fo' God, it's only a niggah, but it wouldn't cost dis boat much to back jes' a little."—E. J. Gross in Globe-Democrat.

The Bad Schoolboy in China.

We might in this country learn something from the Chinese in this respect. In China a bad, vicious boy, whom the teacher cannot control by appeals to his better nature, is expelled from school and is forever afterward deprived of the privileges of the public schools. They base this treatment of such a case upon the idea that a bad ignorant man is not so dangerous to the community as an educated bad man, and there is a good deal of wisdom in the position. The knowledge of the certain result of his depravity is a far greater check upon such a boy than cords of rulers and birches. The result is that no nation in the world has such orderly schools as the Chinese.—Chicago News.

A Pile of Fish in the Sea.

Herring are said to jump out of the water when frightened. A recent writer claims to have seen whole shoals of them, when pursued by a larger fish, piled up above the surface of the sea to a height of from three to six feet. He once saw a pile of fish in the sea reaching to the top of the mast of a fishing boat, or about fifteen feet above the surface. If a portion of this mass had fallen into the boat it would have sunken it.—Exchange.

Etymology of Some Americanisms.

The etymology of many Americanisms is impossible to discover. "Boss" is taken from the Dutch "baas," or master, and is quite legitimate. "Boom," some clever person says is derived from the nautical phrase "to boom out," as applied to a vessel tearing before the wind; and the origin of "blizzard" is enveloped in obscurity.—Chicago Herald.

A Bird as an Omen of Good.

A bird known as the "silk-tailed chatterer" has lately reappeared in middle Germany after an absence of thirty years. The peasants consider the arrival of the songster as an omen of good, portending increased happiness and prosperity to the people.—Chicago Herald.

If Gladstone Were Only Funny.

Professor Blackie, in a recent speech, after declaring that "all Scotchmen worth a button have a sense of humor," exclaimed: "Would to God that my beloved friend, Mr. Gladstone, had a sense of humor."—Chicago Herald.

United States Senator Philetus Sawyer, the Wisconsin lumber millionaire, has adopted a saw-log as a coat-of-arms.—Chicago Journal.